

*The history*

marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus*.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweet Lord,

*Pan.* Go too sweet Queene, go to?

Comends him selfe most affectionatly to you.

*Hel.* You shall not bob vs out of our melody, If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

*Pan.* Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene I faith

*Hel.* And to make a sweet Lady sad is a sower offence.

*Pan.* Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth la? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at super. You will make his excuse.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* What saies my sweete Queene, y very very sweet Queene?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

*Hel.* Nay but my Lord?

*Pan.* What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

*Hel.* You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cresseida*.

*Pan.* No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

*Par.* Well ile makes excuse?

*Pan.* I good my Lord, why should you say *Cresseida*, no, your disposers sick. *Par.* I spie?

*Pan.* You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an instrument, now sweete Queene:

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord *Paris*.

*Pand.* Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are cawine,

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out may make them three.

*Pand.*

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

*Pand.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

*Hell.* I, I, prethee, now by my troth sweet lad thou haste a fine fore-head.

*Pand.* I you may, you may.

*Hell.* Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs all. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

*Pand.* Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

*Par.* I good now loue, loue, nothing but loue.

*Pand.* Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still loue still more:

*For o lones bow. Shoots Bucke and Doe.*

*The shafts confound not that it wounds*

*But tickles still the sore:*

*These louters cry, oh ho they dye,*

*Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,*

*Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he,*

*So dying loue lines still,*

*O ho a while, but ha ha ha,*

*O ho grones out for ha ha ha--they ho,*

*Hell.* In loue I faith to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

*Pand.* Is this the generation of loue: hot blood hot thoughts and hot deedes, why they are vipers, is loue a generation of vipers:

Sweete Lord whose a field to day?

*Par.* *HeEtor, Deiphobus, Helenus, Anthenor*, and all the galantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

*Hell.* He hangs the lippe at something, you know al Lord *Pandarus*.

*Pand.* Not I hony sweete Queene, I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

*Par.* To a hayre.

*Pand.* Farewell sweete Queene.

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*Hell.* Com-